

# ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON  
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY M. G. CHAPMAN. COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN

## SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and intelligent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of \$20,000 a year, on condition that he become engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so, the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyke, where Lord Wyke, the uncle of Terhune, is discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood friends. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archibald choose one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archibald as a beautiful beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archibald. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attention from Leslie Freer, four days of the previous time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Freer had returned from his visit to the ruins and was endeavoring to interest the rest of us, Arch and Agatha Sixth and Dearest and myself in a dissertation upon rose-wind-downs, when Agatha First interrupted us by running up and exclaiming: "Do come and see the waterfall. Frederick says there's a beauty over there in those woods!" She had been down to the road with something or other from the spread, where the automobile and the chauffeur awaited our return.

"A waterfall!" said Archibald. "Dear me! How jolly! Let's go and see it!"

"Come on, then!" cried Agatha First, pausing and looking at him expectantly. He rose obediently, but before he could more than utter the words "Delighted, I'm sure!" Agatha Sixth had risen also, and was now confronting him, as she coldly and haughtily reminded him that he had promised to go and look for wild flowers with her. It was putting the old boy in an awkward position, I admit, but that's no excuse for his subsequent behavior. A tactful speech would have saved the day, but that something perverse about him, which he has in common with most men, made him want most at that moment the girl who wanted him least. And that girl was certainly Agatha First, for without waiting to see whether he came or not, she had run off by herself, all eagerness to see the waterfall.

Without considering the rashness of such a speech, Archibald replied to Agatha Sixth's rebuke by remarking casually: "So I did promise to go and look for wild flowers, but I didn't know about the waterfall then; wouldn't you rather come and see that first?" We shuddered to hear him, Dearest and I. It was pretty bad, you know. Yet, as I say I thought I understood just how he came to say the fatal words—just what spirit prompted him. But Dearest thinks not. She says that he's far too calculating—far too much on the lookout for his own interests to run the risk of losing Agatha Sixth deliberately. She thinks he was only embarrassed. But we both thought that the most peculiar thing about the whole affair was the fact that Agatha First, having left the group immediately her unfortunate invitation was given, must have been quite ignorant of the trouble it had caused. She seemed, indeed, the whole time to be absolutely oblivious to the situation in regard to Agatha Sixth and Terhune. And this was the more extraordinary because any one else, any impartial observer with his eyes open, must, it seemed, have been aware of an affair of some kind or other between the two. But Miss Endicott, it appeared, walked with her eyes shut, like a person in a dream, her thoughts upon some other world or scheme of things removed from ours.

As matters stood, however, the result of the waterfall proposition and Terhune's mismanagement of the crisis it brought about, was a flat refusal on the part of Agatha Sixth to accompany him anywhere, and his frightened and tardy pursuit of Agatha First, who was beckoning him to follow from the edge of the woods. By Jove, it made me feel inclined to go after him and tell him what I thought of him then and there. Miss Lawrence looked so forlorn and watched as she watched them disappear into the woods together.

"The beast!" I began, "he ought to be!" But Dearest interrupted me, and I realized it was because the young lady was still standing within earshot. "Don't, Wilfred!" she said. "Agatha doesn't mind a bit—do you, dear?" And she smiled confidently and encouragingly into the other woman's face. It was the required tonic evidently, for Miss Agatha Lawrence—sometimes called Agatha Sixth—at once controlled her quivering lip with a display of self-command upon which I inwardly complimented her. It's a trait of the American girl, I think, that fine self-control, and something that I admire greatly in my wife.

"Of course not," she replied steadily, and turning upon the bewildered Freer, who was standing by, with the sweetest possible smile, asked him if he would mind humming wild flowers with her. The invitation, I need not say, was accepted with servile gratitude by that undiscriminating and impressionable young man. Like the little dog under the table, Freer was never too proud to partake of the crumbs.

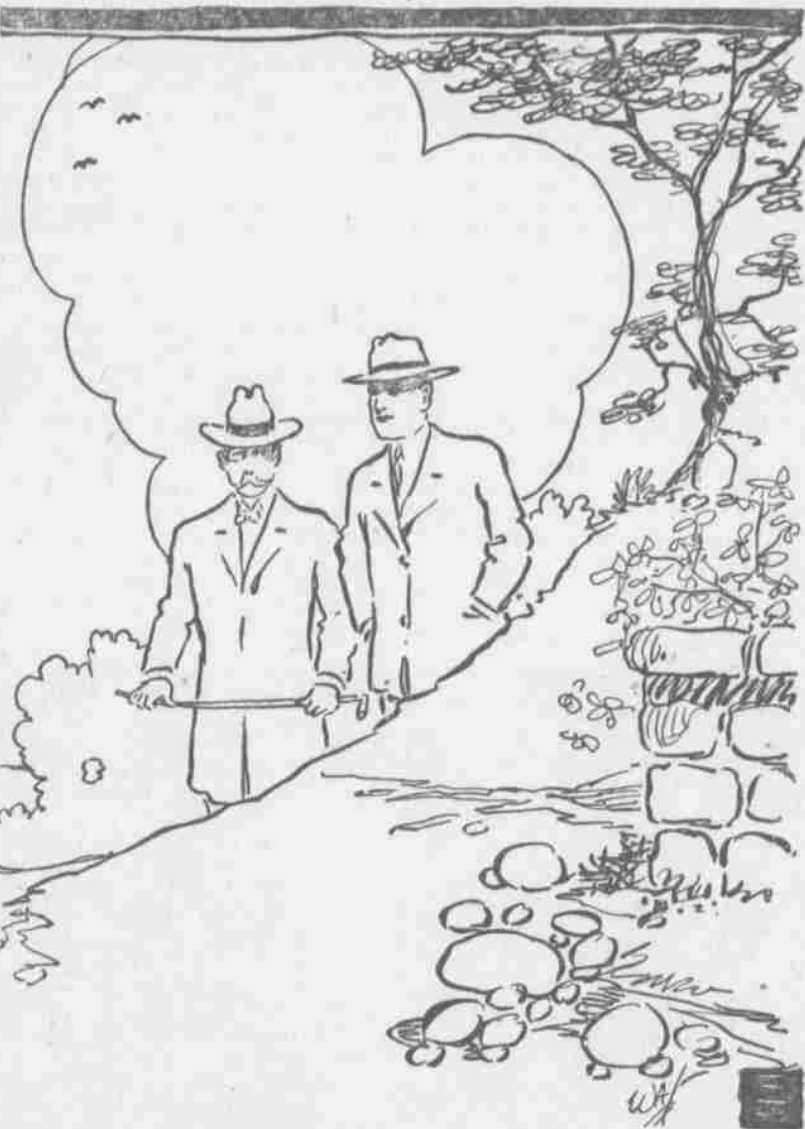
My wife and I left alone, she broke at once into lamentation. Her plans were all going astray, she declared. Match-making was perfectly horrid and she would never, no, never, undertake it again. As for Archibald, she gave him up. She couldn't understand it, at all. Why couldn't he make up his mind which girl he wanted and stick to it? A man who only had ten days in which to choose a wife had no business to go on as he did. Why, she'd never get him married, and he'd lose his fortune! But that wasn't the most important point to be considered by any means. What bothered her most was that poor Agatha Lawrence had fallen in love with the marplot, and so far as she could see—and this in spite of her best efforts—the poor girl was destined to lose him after all! O, it was really too bad. Terhune was too, too trying! I must really speak to him and find out what he meant by playing fast and loose like that! I give you my word I've seldom heard her go on so about anything. She really felt distressed by the unaccountable and rather mysterious color of our matrimonial project had assumed, and was much concerned for Agatha Sixth's happiness. The other Agatha we did not seem to be as interested in somehow, as she had neither a husband or a fortune at stake with which to enlist our special sympathies.

"After all, Wilfred," she said, heaving a deep sigh, "the course of true love never did run smooth!"

"Nor yet the course of true match-making!" I answered and we strolled down the side of the little hill where the picnic had been to go and look for wild flowers ourselves.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was on the return trip to the castle that I found an opportunity to talk



"Here You've Come and Asked Us to Help You."

confidentially with Terhune. He and I were walking home, as seven was rather a crowd in the machine and we wanted the exercise.

"What in thunder do you mean by it?" I demanded when I had finished setting his erratic and inconsiderate conduct before him in its true light—excepting, of course, the details of the incident of the automobile in the wood, and our later discovery of the checked coat in his closet. All reference to this little episode and the suspicions of Dearest and myself in regard to his connection with it, I had felt obliged to omit. We had decided not to mention the subject to him as we had after all only circumstantial evidence upon which to base our belief that Terhune had been Agatha First's companion that day. For, after all, the checked coat we found in his closet might only have resembled the one I saw in the car, and he might easily have owned one of the kind without our ever having seen it. Our friendship with Arch was too deeply prized by us to risk falsely accusing him. And then I couldn't help feeling that after all I had rather surprised them when I had come upon them in the woods, and in seeing what I was not meant to have seen, had rather played the spy, however inadvertently it might have been done. And I did not relish making use of information so obtained. It was better, much fairer to Arch, we decided, to act simply as if my discovery had never been.

"Here you've come and asked us to help you," I went on, "in the matter of getting a fortune, not to mention a wife, and when it's made as plain as it could well be that Agatha Sixth is the girl for you and you admit fancying her yourself, why, then, what do you do?" I stopped and faced him. We were crossing Hartamere common and the castle was already in sight, and his eyes fell before my just indignation. He didn't seem anxious to tell me, so I set to and told him myself. "Why, you go and spoil it all by flirting with Agatha First, now don't you?"

"Spoil it all?" he asked without looking up. "Yes," I affirmed impatiently, "that's just what you're doing. I should think you could see your way to Agatha Sixth every time you so much as glance at Agatha First, and really, when you consider that you've asked the girl to marry you and are supposed to be awaiting her answer with all a lover's impatience, it doesn't look well. It doesn't really! What do you want to do it for, anyway?" I paused in my tirade, but he made no motion to answer. "Why, it's plain loony of you!" I exploded in my irritation. "For a man in your position, it's positively suicidal to fool the way you're doing. I shouldn't wonder at all if Miss Lawrence refused you eventually, and then the game would be up indeed!"

"What game?" said Arch, if you please, just as if he didn't know what I was talking about.

"Why, your aunt's property in Australia," I bellowed in his ear. "You can't inherit it if Agatha Sixth won't marry you, can you?"

"Can't I?" he said simply, as if it didn't matter at all, and I nearly lost my patience.

"How could you?" I returned. "The time's up in two days; is it likely you could get anyone else to marry you in that length of time?"

He looked up. "I shouldn't care to marry anyone else," he said. "I happen to care about her," and his expression was so earnest and sincere I had to believe him.

"Well, then, for heaven's sake, make a little more effort to convince her that you care!" I advised, but more gently, and we walked on in silence. I broke it first, as he didn't seem inclined to talk. "Honest, old man," I said, "I wish you'd tell a fellow what you're up to! I hate to see you making a mess of this thing, for no good reason. If you didn't like Miss Lawrence it would be different. But you're self-confessed as to that, and it's especially hard to bear when Dearest and I have been doing our very best to help you. Tell me what it's all about, can't you? Why will you persist in running after Agatha Endicott just at this critical stage of the game?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I tell you everything in a minute if there were anything to tell. But there isn't, not a blooming blessed thing; I deny your last statement, however."



## The HOME DEPARTMENT

### TASTY DRESS FOR A GIRL

Navy Blue Serge is Most Attractive of Materials for Misses' Costumes.

No material is nicer for girls' costumes than navy blue serge. The one we show here is in a thick make of this. The skirt is a plain gored shape, turned up with a deep hem at foot. The semi-fitting Norfolk is cut three quarter length, and has material straps taken over shoulders to lower

### USE OLD FINERIES

#### LACE WAISTS AND SILK SKIRTS FOR NEW BLOUSES.

Practical Woman Can Make Good Use of Ancient Materials—Everything Can Go Into Bodice Nowadays.

The woman who has old lace waists on hand, or a skirt or two in figured or plain silk, may now find use for these dilapidated fineries. A little study of the shop models in both elegant and practical blouses for winter wear will demonstrate how these ancient materials can be used up, for everything can go into a bodice nowadays, and veiling one stuff with another is the madness of the moment.

Granted there must be a little good lace for the yoke and sleeve bottoms, all the rest that goes into a corset, made after the present styles, may be patched to any extent. As for silk, all that is necessary is for it to be of a rich color, for the sheen of red, blue, orange, or violet must be visible through the covering of veiling, marquisette or chiffon. A summer foulard in black and white—since these materials wash like rags—would be invaluable, for this combination is stylish under a veiling of any sort in any color.

The veiled waist, especially if they have three-quarter sleeves, are shown principally for dressy uses, but the style is too useful for the home dress-maker to ignore when making over old textures, and if trimmings and models are sufficiently simple, such designs are suitable for the plainest tailor gowns.

The veiled bodice with lace under part, commonly begins with a complete blouse made with a high stock of an all-over lace. A plain or patterned silk, or a Persian gauze foundation, which is very stylish, will stop at the line where the jumper is to cover it and be filled in there with a stock in appropriate materials. The jumper, which is of gauzy veiling in the dress color, is the easiest thing in the world to make. The kimono model is the favorite for this overblouse, and is fitted with one or more Gibson pleats at the shoulders, or else tucked back and front, or across the shoulders only. One strikingly effective device with such waists is a broad band of some rich trimming going around the foundation at the bust point, and showing richly through the



All-Over Lace With Marquisette Jumper.

thin outer material. Narrow velvet ribbon, or plain black bands, trims the white stocks and undercloves of these bodices effectively, while the blouse itself may have quite another trimming.

Persian silk and Indian cottons in a blur of rich color shape the more practical waists, those intended strictly for the plainer tailor gowns; but when these gaudy textures are veiled with something else, they at once become things for dressy use.

Our illustration displays a blouse of a simple all-over lace in a rich cream, covered with a kimono jumper of king's blue marquisette. A lace in blue and black encircles the round



edge back and front. They are left unsewn at waist, where a band is taken and fastened in front.

Hat of coarse straw trimmed with black satin bows.

Materials required: 6 yards 48 inches wide, 2 yards saten for lining skirt, 4 yards silk for lining coat.

neck, with a stole drop at the front. The same lace edging the sleeves of the jumper and forms cuffs for the gathered undersleeves.

This bodice, like all the others, is adapted to simpler materials. If a gray dress on hand must be fitted out with a waist, use any colored silk—blue, old rose, violet, green or white—for the foundation, and then get a veiling in the dress color for the top. Motre or silk in a matching color could be employed instead of the lace here used. A well-made waist in this style would be suited to a handsome tailor suit, and if liked the jumper part alone might be employed as a model for a collarless short-sleeved house effect. In fact, there is no end to the possibilities of this jumper, for it is adapted equally to plain and dressy uses.

### LACE BAG LATEST NOVELTY

Great Saving of Time and Lace Effected by Country Woman's System.

A morning visitor at a country house found her hostess busy with mysterious little dimity bags, that were about ten inches square and fastened with a draw string. In answer to her query she was told that these were "lace bags," and that samples of the kind of laces they contained would be sewed on the edges like tags. She was furthermore told that although the preceding might seem funny, it was a great saving of time as well as of lace, for those fragile bits of trimming got tangled and torn if put in a box, even if folded at first. After a few hints for a particular piece the loosened ends seem possessed to knot together and it requires great patience to undo them without tearing the edges. The samples show just what kinds of lace are bundled and safely pinned at ends, and just the one bag need be opened. All the bags are put in a large box, labeled "lace," and this has a particular space in the sewing room closet.

In Filling Sachets. Fill the tiny bags with a mixed powder of iris and heliotrope and add a few peppercorns, which will both preserve the perfumed powder and bring out its sweet scent.

### SOME USES FOR OLD HATS

Work Baskets and Bags May Easily Be Constructed From Discarded Headwear.

They may be converted into work baskets. Also bags.

The crown of an old felt hat makes a good foundation for a bag, having stability enough to withstand being poked into holes and not worn out easily.

Cover it with some pretty material, and it will look like some flimsy bag, while actually it will be as substantial as one made of leather.

More interesting even to fashion is the work basket made from an old straw hat.

Trim off the brim, line the inside of the crown with silk, bind it around the top edges and finish in any way your fancy and ingenuity may suggest.

The leghorn hat, turned upside down and supplied with a ribbon band, makes a pretty basket to use when gathering flowers, or a holder for various articles, which may be hung up.

## A CIRCUS CHEETAH

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.

"A cheetah," said Murray pleasantly, "is the pet of kings and rajahs and nabobs and the other classy gentry of the far east. Ever see one?"

"I'm not sure," little Sammy Clancy answered.

The two showmen were on the train en route to join others of the tent family to show in Philadelphia.

Clancy was new to the circus business. He had appeared out of the west without warning and had bought out the Rawlings and Wells Oriental hippodrome on wheels, so to speak. Both Rawlings and Wells had decamped for New York without specifying their intentions as soon as the transfer was made, and the new owner had appeared simultaneously and had picked up the reins on the runaway outfit and stopped the danger.

He was a very polite, low-voiced chap, about thirty, smooth shaven, dark, with a slow, boyish smile and a steady eye. The show people liked him at sight, and within a week respected him. He did not yell at them nor use large language. As Murray expressed it after a personal experience:

"He's an ultimate conclusion. So and so's the case, and there you are, and what are you going to do about it? He's a wise little boy, and he's my boss and the rest of the show's, too."

"There are several in this country," went on Murray. "Some of the parks have them. But they all seem dispirited. I never saw but one live one. You don't know any of the old timers, do you? Haven't been in the business long?"

"Not so very long," said Sammy.

"This happened nearly eight years ago, just about the time small circuses began to lose their grip on account of vaudeville packing the the-



He Had That Animal Like a Tame Kitten Around Him.

aters and getting the best acts. One of the last to give up was old Pop Atkins. By Jove, he trotted over his old circuit with the same old elephants and wagons and animals that he'd been giving them for years. His wife died that year, but he didn't care. They'd trained the daughter, Clover, to take her place, and she took better than the old lady."

Sammy evinced a fresh interest. "Good looking?"

"More than that, son, more than that. She was the \$10,000 beauty, all right. None of your little sawed-off soubrettes! Slim and fair, she was, and graceful—why, Lord Harry, you should have seen her ride a horse we had. It would walk on its eyelids if she lifted her whip. But the cheetah loved her best. Pop used to beat it and poke it playfully with a hot iron, and so on. Once when it didn't mind him he stuck the lighted end of a cigar on the tip of its nose. Oh, yes, Pop was surely playful."

"Were you with him then?" asked Sammy.

"I was—up to two weeks before it happened. Then Pop and I had a gentlemanly difference of opinion, and I went east. He used to whip the girl the way he had her mother. She'd fight back, but it wasn't any use, and I interfered. Well, he was her father, and there you were. And she was too proud to have him arrested and testify against him. So after I'd pounded Pop and relieved my feelings and been declined by Clover, I left the show. She was working up an act with the cheetah then. You know what they look like, bigger than a leopard and not so crafty. They train them for hunting over in Persia and India. This one was trained to hate the hand that struck him. So it laid for Pop."

"Who took care of it?" asked Sammy lazily.

"A kid Pop had sent for from the

show where he bought it down at Coney Island. He wasn't good for anything around the show, but he had that animal like a tame kitten around him. He and Clover had all the care of it, for the old fellow was asleep most of the time. One day it got loose. I heard about it from a pal of mine who stayed on for the season. It was about two, as the show was breaking up for a new town, and the cheetah got out and calmly strolled down the main street in the moonlight. It seemed amused and interested, but when a principal citizen got busy with a shooting iron it jumped at him and chewed his shoulder. Then this youngster went after it, but it had tasted blood and was feeling mighty airy. It only cuffed at the boy, but it laid him out, and all at once Clover heard the row and ran out of her tent and down the street after it. And say, she had her belt, little elastic business with a pretty buckle on it—you know the kind girls wear—and she put that around his neck and led it back to its wagon. How's that? Plucky? yes. While the boys were hanging back with pitchforks and nets and hot irons."

"Another time it had toothache and they got a dentist in, and she made him give it an anaesthetic. Little things, but they made that heathen cheetah animal love the girl as if it had been a pet cat."

"Pop was thinking of selling out along this time, and the prospective buyer came on from Kansas City to look the show over. Instead, he looked Clover over, and spoke to Pop. Intentions? I don't know anything about them, son. If he had any good ones he certainly kept them out of sight. But he made Clover the bonus in the business deal and he bought the outfit that night. Long about 12:30 he comes out of Pop's quarters and makes for Clover. She hadn't gone to bed. She was over at the cheetah's wagon talking to it and to the kid. It was moonlight, those nights in August when the moon comes up like a great flame-colored blossom, and they were in Kentucky, near the Ohio border. The kid was playing on a mouth organ, real soft and decent, when the big chap came over, took hold of Clover's arm and told her what the deal was."

"When Clover screamed Pop himself came out and tried to reason with her. She was to go on that night to Kansas City and marry the fellow there and then back to the show. Pop said he was sick and tired of the whole show business and was going abroad to seek a long-deserved rest from his labors. And he struck her with one of those short whips they use on the animals when they lift their upper lips and growl."

There was a brief silence. The train was speeding along at fifty miles an hour. Sammy stared out of the smoker window contentedly, interestedly, and watched the landscape of New Jersey take wings to itself and roll up like the scroll of a parchment.

"Then what?" he said finally.

"The kid let the cheetah loose," said Murray slowly. "And when the two of them grabbed her and tried to carry her off it leaped on their backs. That's about all I know. Pop left the hospital five months later with scars that he'll bear all his life and the other fellow lost one arm. That cheetah was a discriminating animal. It died from a bullet Pop managed to land right finally; but it had done its work well and the kid and Clover, and Clover got well and pretty, instead of looking like a wax candle most of the time. They lived there up to a year ago. It was a pretty good farm. You haven't seen Mrs. Clancy, have you? Mrs. Sammy Clancy? No? I thought not. She's going to meet us in Philadelphia tonight. She still likes the business, somehow. I guess it's just because she's Clover, and I'm that kid that looked after the cheetah."

A Light Support.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Arminius.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie, softly.—Shelburne Falls Messenger

Natural Query.

Mrs. Thynn—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Thynn—Yes. Did you have it made at an upholsterer's?

### IN THE CAUSE OF MORE PIE

Traveler Made His Protest, and the Result Was Both Prompt and Effective.

An intimate friend of Frank Seaman was spending a summer out in the mountains of British Columbia. On one occasion he wrote Frank the expected to move his camp in a few weeks and take a certain route by water and rail, to another part of the mountains. By return mail he received a letter from Mr. Seaman saying, "Don't take that route. Take the train to — and from there the boat to —. Stop off at — and stay there a while. They make the best pie at the hotel there that was ever made on this earth. Don't fail to put yourself in line with it!"

Mr. Seaman's fondness for pie assumes, at times, serious forms. When traveling in British Columbia himself he spent some time at one of the large hotels belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway company. The service in those hotels is excellent, but Mr. Seaman was not satisfied with the size of the pieces of pie. He argued the case briefly with the various waiters, but got no satisfactory results. Also he stated his convictions to the manager of the hotel, but that functionary was not altogether a free agent and could make no change. In pursuit of pie, however, Mr. Seaman cannot be baffled. Shortly before dinner one day he telegraphed the general manager of the C. P. R. at Montreal that the silvers of pie which were served were not adequate to the rest of the scenery. The message flew across the continent and at dinner that evening Mr. Seaman's waiter obsequiously set before him a large half moon of pie. From that time on there were no further complaints.

It Frequently Happens.

"He married her for her title."

"You mean the other way about, don't you?"

"No; her title to a lot of valuable real estate."